Bra. The worſe welcome,
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my dores,
In honeſt plainenesſe, thou haſt heard me ſay
My daughter is not for thee, and now in madnes,
Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering draughts,
Vpon malicious brauery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet?
Rod. Sir, ſir, ſir.
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure
My ſpirit and my place haue in them power,
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience good ſir
Bra. What, tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*,
My houſe is not a graunge.
Rod. Moſt graue *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoule I come to you.
Iag. Sir, you are one of thoſe, that will not ſerue God, if the
Deuill bid you. Becauſe we come to doe you ſeruice, you thinke
wee are Ruffians, youle haue your daughter couered with a Barbary
horſe; youle haue your Nephewes neigh to you; youle haue Courſers
for Couſens, and Gennets for *Germans*.
Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?
Iag. I am one ſir, that come to tell you, your daughter, and the
Moore, are now making the Beaſt with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a villaine.
Iag. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwere, I know thee *Rodorigo*.
Rod. Sir, I will anſwere any thing: But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire daughter
At this od euen, and dull watch oth' night,
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard
But with a knaue of common hire, a *Gundelier*,
To the groſſe claſpes of a laſciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you and your allowance,
Wee then haue done you bold and ſawcy wrongs?
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
Wee haue your wrong rebuke: Do not beleeue

That